UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Marriage Today

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

The Year of the Great "Break-Over" in Russia

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Contrasts

By DOROTHY WALTON

A Dissenter Looks at the Proposed New Political Party

By FRANK W. GARRISON

VOLUME CV NUMBER 1

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SPECIAL!

Five Articles on Russia

by

Anna Louise Strong

Miss Strong has lived in Russia for a large part of every year since the Revolution in 1917. She has traveled in every part of the country, and has crossed Siberia and China. She knows all the leaders of the Soviet Republic and is in intimate touch with all political and social movements. These articles are written from Russia where she is now residing.

The subjects of this special series of articles are as follows:

The Fighting Farmers of Russia.
The Year of the Great "Break-Over" in Russia.
Soviet Rulers on Vacation.
Russia to Cut Down on Alcohol and Babies.
Moving Out from the Ranks in Russia, or Raising Up Managers.

These five articles will be published in successive numbers of Unity beginning with the issue for February 24.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1930 NUMBER 1

FOR A BETTER WORLD

How can the world ever come to be filled
With good men, mature and magnanimous,
Till childish men, only half-grown, have tried out
And made complete demonstration of what a horrible place the earth is,
So long as the mean and selfish inhabit it?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Side by side on a page of the New York *Times*, there recently appeared two stories. (We wonder if the make-up man was clowning, or was just out-and-out wicked, in placing these stories thus cheek by jowl!) The heading of one column read:

SAYS BUSINESS NOW IS NEARLY NORMAL

Lamont Declares Survey Shows Greater Industrial Activity and Less Unemployment

NO NEED FOR WORRY SEEN

Under these head-lines appeared an optimistic statement by Secretary Lamont from Washington. January and February, he said, are always bad months, "the low point periods in the calendar schedule of American business." In charming consistency with this, he declared we should make no comparison with a year ago, "for January and February of 1929 were exceptional months." Employment, the Secretary went on, is picking up everywhere, conditions are just wonderful. Why worry? Side by side with this charming chapter from "Polyanna" was another story, with very different headlines, as follows:

SEES "SERIOUS" RISE IN UNEMPLOYMENT

Miss Perkins Finds January Job Total 2% Below December, 6% Under November

8 OF 11 MAIN GROUPS DROP

100,000 Laid Off in Factories of State Since October, When 3-Year Peak Was Reached

Under these headlines came a column-long statement by Miss Frances Perkins, State Industrial Commissioner of New York. The gist of her story was that employment figures were "the lowest recorded for January in the fifteen years that these records have been kept in the State." Comparing these two interviews, one is struck by the fact that Secretary Lamont's consists exclusively of facile generalizations and assertions, whereas Miss Perkins's consist almost as exclusively of facts and figures, exact data gathered by expert statisticians. Secondly, one notices that Lamont's announcement is from beginning to end a wish-fulfilment. He is seeing what he wants to see! Miss Perkins, on the other hand, is dealing frankly with reality. The Hoover administration is whistling bravely to keep up its courage in the present industrial depression. But such whistling has a forced and strident tone, and seems woefully out of place in a graveyard.

President Hoover's statement on American policy in Haiti could not be improved. Not since Grover Cleveland have we had such wholesome sentiments uttered in regard to our relations to smaller peoples. First of all, he served notice on the politicians and on the people generally that the treaty under which we govern Haiti expires in 1930 and that "we have no mandate to continue the present relationship after that date." If this means anything, it means that it is our present business to get ready to evacuate the island. What Mr. Hoover thus stated in the specific case of Haiti, he applied generally to the situation as a whole. He had no desire, he said, "for representation of the American government abroad through our military forces," and swept the board clean by declaring that "we need now a new and definite policy looking forward to the expiration of our treaties." After utterances of this kind, which seem to forecast the end of the Caribbean policy which has disgraced America during the past generation, it is a distinct disappointment to note the names of the men whom the President has appointed to his Haitian Commission. How could he select such reactionaries as W. Cameron Forbes, Henry P. Fletcher, and Elie Vezina to carry out such liberal ideas? William Allen White is the one man who seems to belong on such a commission, but the excellence of this appointment is more than counterbalanced by the fact that the President failed to answer the demand of twelve millions of his own fellow-citizens, and of Haitians generally, that one at least of the commissioners be a Negro. If President Hoover has any one conspicuous weakness, it is his appointments to office. Is it possible that he doesn't care, and leaves this business to somebody else? Or what is it?

One does not have to accept the word of the Pope of Rome or the Archbishop of Canterbury to know that religious persecution is under full headway in

Soviet Russia. News despatches report it, the Bolsheviki admit it. The church, of course, is again stupid, and thus guilty of subversive political action in a country which will not tolerate such action and is glad to have excuse for punishment. Ten years ago the priests were lining up with the dukes and the princes and the other outlawed plotters against the new regime, and thus made themselves liable to the charge of "counter-revolution." Today they are lining up with the Kulaks (the rich peasants), against whom the Commissars are warring in a desperate attempt to apply communism to agriculture, and thus again are "counter-revolutionaries." But this is only a false face for the horrible reality behind. What we have today in Russia, much as we hate to admit it, is a determined, deliberate and utterly ferocious attempt to destroy religion by force and violence. In the early days of the revolution, religious freedom was guaranteed, and church property and practises were respected. But now all this is changed. The Soviets are out to make Russia an atheist state, and they are doing it not by the persuasions of propaganda but by the terror of fire and sword. Not the Orthodox Church merely but all churches are under the ban. Roman as well as Greek Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, Jews, and even Zionists, all are being harried and driven, punished and persecuted, outlawed and imprisoned. Whether this policy will succeed or not is an indifferent question. The horror of it is what impresses us. We hate cruelty and oppression no matter who does it or who suffers from it.

It is interesting to notice how the Russian persecutions of religion are drawing the churches together. The Pope has spoken for Rome, the Archbishop of Canterbury for Protestantism. To these has been joined the Chief Rabbi of England, Dr. J. H. Hertz, who has charged the Bolsheviki with waging a "spiritual pogrom" against all religions. "What is being trampled under foot today under Soviet rule," says the Rabbi, "is conscience, religious liberty, and everything that is most divine in the human spirit." Beyond Christendom and Judaism, the Moslems are aroused. Hitherto the Soviets have left the faithful of Allah pretty much alone, for they are a militant people and are located at strategic frontier points in the Soviet Union. But in the present frenzy of Stalin and his associates of the extreme left wing of the Communist Party, even the Moslems are attacked, and their authorities are joining their voices to those of Pope, Bishop, and Rabbi in protest. In such experience as this we seem to see a remedy for religious separatism and division. If we can't get the churches together in any other way, it is always open to us to persecute them! In our opinion the remedy is far worse than the disease. Furthermore, it is wrong, and that with us is final. But it is an interesting commentary on the religious mind that the mere brute instinct of survival can do what love of the brethren cannot do. Why should we wait for the enemy to destroy us before we get together? Yet it has been ever so. The ways of human nature are indeed past finding out.

Some of our readers may conceivably recall that the Great War of 1914-1918 was fought "to make the world safe for democracy." In this War many Americans were killed at the front, of these many were buried in French soil, and of these again a not inconsiderable number were Negroes. For in this business of drafting men into the army, America was very democratic. The right of every man to get killed fighting Germans was regarded as inalienable, although the right of every man to vote, to travel freely, to enjoy social and civic equality, is not commonly regarded as quite so inalienable, especially if the man in question be colored. But the Negro boys went with the white boys, and a lot of them paid "the last full measure of devotion." Now it is being generously proposed by the War Department that the gold-starred mothers of these dead soldiers shall be taken to France at the expense of government, to visit the graves of their sons. And, in planning this excellent project, it is being coolly taken for granted that the mothers of the blacks who died "to make the world safe for democracy" shall be segregated from the mothers of the whites who died for this same great cause, and conveyed across the Atlantic in separate vessels! These black mothers evidently are not good enough to associate with their white sisters. Or is it that these white mothers are not good enough to associate with their black sisters? Either way, it is a situation of irony and pathos such as we have not encountered for a long time. We recall that when Robert Gould Shaw was killed in the Civil War at the head of his Negro regiment, his body was thrust into a common grave with those of his troops who had died, to quote the lines of William Vaughn Moody,

> Like freemen, and like men of noble breed . . .
> Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb
> In nature's busy old democracy.

In death, if anywhere, the separations of life should end. Cannot these mothers of gallant sons journey as well as weep together?

We have been long convinced as our readers know, that the great metropolitan newspapers of this country are putting over anti-"dry" propaganda on the Prohibition issue as false and wicked in every respect as the propaganda they put over during the Great War. The real facts in the present liquor situation are being hopelessly submerged in a flood of lies which may yet engulf the public mind and wreck the great cause of outlawry of the liquor traffic. For example, nothing is more common in these days than the charge that Prohibition is ruining our young people. We are given frightful pictures of our boys and girls in school and

college and society becoming hopeless tipplers and drunkards, as a result, of course, of Prohibition. We are not given any facts on this situation, but only the sweeping charge. Now comes an investigation which shows what the real facts are. At the suggestion of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission, Mr. J. W. Crabtree, the Secretary of the National Education Association, has undertaken a survey of one million high school students in all parts of the country. The use of liquor by such students, says Dr. Crabtree, on the basis of his investigation, is decreasing each year.

Of course, he says, the national survey is not nearly completed, and what the final results will be it is impossible accurately to predict. The few reports received, however, show that there is less drinking, delinquency, and carousing among high school students than in 1920.—Based on the returns before me I think I can safely say that drink is less each year among our high school students.

This statement confirms in every particular the opinions of the great majority of high school principals, college presidents, and other educational authorities throughout the nation. Do the newspapers acquaint their readers with this significant and impressive fact? Not at all! On this question today, as on all questions bearing on the War a decade and a half ago, our only safe rule is, Believe nothing the newspapers say!

Marriage Today

Today—women, educated, learned in science, history and philosophy—aware of their own worth and dignity—ask why should the old status of women as property of man, or even its shadow, remain.

This means that marriage like every other social institution has come under scrutiny. Women are asking "why." And these "whys" were and are difficult to answer for those who seek to maintain the old customs and the traditional attitude of society toward women. The institution of marriage must meet the same scrutiny as all other institutions. Its value can not rest on authority of Pope, Bible, tradition or law. It must have worth and value in itself in order to satisfy the inquiring mind of this new age. No longer can women accept as her only mission the business of pleasing her husband and bearing children. If marriage is to survive, it must not only justify itself as a social institution, but it must also be a means which affords to both parties, the woman as well as the man, increased richness and fullness of life.

Marriage in the past has been recognized primarily as a legally established institution for the perpetuation of the race. Both church and state insisted and do still insist that the consummation of marriage is physical and not a spiritual act. And against this view there arises today a chorus of "whys" and an affirmation that marriage if anything is something that "the church may bless and the state make legal, but that neither can create or annul."

The family was a religious and legal institution in which the husband had every authority. The wife was his servant, his highest servant, his best loved servant perhaps, but never-the-less his servant.

In the marriage rituals of many religious communions this ancient and not entirely rejected idea is expressed in the giving away of the bride. But in this age every intelligent woman revolts against the old formula, and the study of marriage and marriage institutions has compelled us willy-nilly to admit that we must find a new basis for the permanent union of men and women if it is to rest upon an enduring basis. Our rapidly changing attitude toward divorce is evidence that we do not expect a man or a woman to endure a life-long union that means continuous mental and spiritual suffering, years of unexpressible agony, merely because the marriage was "made in Heaven," blessed by the church and made legal by the state.

> Not by judge or jury deciding evidence:
> Not by frank acknowledgment of broken confidence:
> Not by recognition of priestly ban or bars:
> But by their souls dissonance divergent as the stars.

It must be something more than a means for perpetuating the race, something more than a social institution in which man is the head and a woman if not the feet, at least under the feet of man. In parts of India today a woman is reared in a social tradition that trains her to accept the debasing and humiliating position of subordinate. In this situation she may by the beauty of her character and the persistence of her devotion win a place for herself in the esteem and even love of her husband. But she is weighted by a tradition that cramps her soul and denies her rights. This was true of the old China. It is true that out of this impossible situation there arises often lovely flowers of devotion and sacrifice and even love. But these can not offset the fact that the system denies to woman her highest and holiest rights, and to society the finest fruitage of a fellowship based on mutual respect and esteem.

But it is this theory, in essence, of marriage that is challenged today. For it is not only a theory of an institution which subordinates women, which presupposes that woman is the property of man, but it is also one that recognizes man as the head of the family. The symbol of this idea of marriage is a circle, a circle has one focus. If it has two it can not be a circle. This theory holds that the family is a unit. This could be held only so long as woman recognized her self as subordinate to and not the equal of man. The moment that woman affirms that she is the equal of man, she will inevitably demand that she also stand in the center of the circle. It is obvious that only one can stand in the center and if she pushes man out then he will be

subordinate and marriage as a union of equals, as a fellowship based in mutual esteem and respect and cemented by love, does not exist.

The circle as a symbol of marriage for moderns is outworn. Society, even though backed by church and state, can make no demands that ignore the highest well-being of the individuals that compose it. For after all individuals have duties to themselves which are paramount over any possible duty to others. One of these is the preservation of their own self-respect.

It is this self-respect, this consciousness of one's own dignity and worth that makes any continuous living together in the close and intimate association of marriage exceedingly difficult. To adjust one's life day after day, week after week to another's is a hard task. Marriage, as any other association of individuals, means adjustment, a continuous "give and take." This is hard for the most of us in any relationship, and in marriage it is very difficult because it is a closer and more intimate association than any other in life. The failure to recognize this before marriage and to make one's self ready for the task is the cause of the utter failure of many marriages. Many persist, because of social pressure, or children, or what not, but it is done with much friction and suffering. Under no system or ideal of marriage can there be happiness and fulness of life for the man and woman unless each recognizes that adjustments must be made,—that for each to receive both must give.

Modern marriage to be successful must be, as it is essentially a union of two self-respecting entities, symbolized by something other than a circle. For the adjustments between the man and the woman can not be made on the assumption openly or tacitly of the superiority of one over the other.

Count Keyserling in his introduction to the "Book of Marriage" says that inevitably modern marriage must be an unstable relationship because of the facts I have outlined.

No two intelligent persons can have exactly the same point of view in reference to life's problems. The interests of wife and husband are bound to be varied. The modern economic order thrusts them apart. The husband is the bread winner, the wife is the home maker. They read different books and approach almost every essential problem from a different vantage ground. I remember that during the suffrage campaign a devoted husband said to me, "I first think when certain legislation is proposed, how it will affect my business but my wife thinks how it will affect the children—her children and others' children."

It becomes then our first duty in reference to marriage to tell young people, afire with passion of youth, unaware of the petty difficulties and the monotonous repetition of minor problems as well as the more serious conflicts that are ahead of them, that marriage is a difficult and arduous business. That is something more than an automatic response to a physical appeal, something more than the setting up of an establishment for the breeding of children, or even a means for mere personal satisfaction. Some have advocated that in view of the serious difficulties involved, as witnessed by our overcrowded divorce courts, that it should be a mere business arrangement, a contract between two partners, in which each expects no more from the other than is written in the bond, a marriage of convenience arranged not by parents but by the contracting parties. In such a plan neither expects too much of the other, and plain common sense, if used by both parties will surmount every difficulty.

The trouble with this theory of marriage lies in fact of the emergence of love, as a capacity of the human personality, and love demands more than a contract, more than a partnership. The self-respecting man or woman seeks in marriage the opportunity for the highest possible fulfillment of life. As love laughs at locksmiths so love laughs at contracts. It seeks that close intimate fellowship that forgets completely what is mentioned in the bond in the passionate desire to give and give to the uttermost.

So Count Keyserling suggested that the symbol for an ideal marriage in this modern world, is not the circle but the elipse which has not one focus, but two.

Into the elipse step the man and woman, each takes a position at one of the foci. Neither of these positions is more important than the other. In this relationship two self-respecting personalities may stand. But this is only a symbol. No mathematical symbol can fully express any human relationship. The man and woman are the two foci. But they are not points on a surface, but living human personalities, each with his own thoughts and wills,—each with his own outlook on life. But only as they recognize that it is their purpose to maintain as nearly as possible an elipse—to strive to prevent its ever becoming a circle is there a true marriage. This however is an ideal. It never can be fully attained. Two thoughtful individuals,—be passion and prejudice ever under control, alert to the infinite series of world problems—infringing upon them and conscious of the unnumbered urgings of the inner self for expression—can never attain a perfect poise as foci within an elipse. Elemental forces will press on each with different degrees of force. In spite of themselves they will be pushed off their pedestals out of the position of perfect relation. But their marriage will endure as they continually and without abatement strive to maintain the elipse, to keep these positions as the two foci as nearly as possible. The motivization of such a purpose is the existence and expression in each of love, not love that is submissive, not slavish love which never can be the highest expression of the capacity for love. But that love which is an outpouring of life at its highest and best,—which seeks not its own, which finds life

in loving. It is this which urges each member in the sacred fellowship of marriage to give to the other all that will enrich and enoble life. It is on this basis that a true marriage can be consummated and on this basis it will endure even though all the winds of passion beat against it and all the frustrations of life seek to break it down. It will endure law or no law, church or no church, because it recognizes what is highest and holiest in men and women.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

"Humanizing" the submarine is hailed as an achievement of the London Naval Conference. We haven't a doubt that, if the records were available, we would find that there were wise and merciful men in the Middle Ages who were all for "humanizing" the wrack, the thumb-screw, and the stake.

We had always supposed that the excitement of a fish-story was all in the size of the fish. But not so! Herbert Hoover's catch, some weeks ago, of a 40-pound skate was good for three columns in the newspapers. The next day Hoover's companion, Vernon Kellogg, caught a 57-pound skate—and he got only three inches!

Cardinal O'Connell declares that Protestants are "fanatics." *Zion's Herald* retorts that it is the Catholics who are "fanatics." Well, well, brethren—perhaps you are both right. "Aren't we all," as the man said in the play of that title? All fanatics from the standpoint of those who disagree with our opinions!

A new skyscraper in New York is to be dedicated to women's dress, and in token thereof will be surmounted by a golden image symbolizing fashion. Which fashion?

Professional baseball attains to a new dignity in the granting of the $10,000 Bok Prize to the manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. We shall yet live to see Connie Mack in the academic of an L.L.D., and Babe Ruth given the freedom of the city of New York.

The New York *Times* prints the following in its "Want Ads":

> SOCIAL LIFE for refined young men and women in a select club in Times Square; dancing, discussions, dramatics, teas, sports, mutual help; inquiries invited. Write Union Church, 233 West 48th St.

We don't know whether to admire this church on its enterprise, or to philosophize on the desperate endeavors churches have to make these days to get people.

J. H. H.

The Year of the Great "Break-Over" in Russia

(What Stalin says after twelve years of Revolution)

"The year of the great break-over" is the characterization given by Stalin to the twelve months just ended, using a word which means that forces long gathering and increasing have at last suddenly broken through to a new plane of action. Thus in agriculture —the collectivization of farming, long approached tentatively, has with one bound broken through to a point where the balance of market power, which yesterday lay with the individualist peasant, lies perhaps already today or at least in the near future, with the collective and state farms. In industry, the long discussed productivity and rationalization had suddenly broken out, only in spots to be sure, but all over the country, making that growth which before was apparent only to hopeful planners, blindingly clear to even the casual tourist.

"Spending money like drunken sailors" was the characterization given by some of the more critical American millionaires, in their swing of the circle across Russia. They were referring to what they called "factories like palaces," which seemed to them wildly extravagant for so poor a country, and added that they were confirmed in their unwillingness to make long-term loans to so reckless a country. And in fact, the new factories going up under American engineers, are noticeably lessening the gorgeous window space and tremendous sloping sky-lights which Russian engineers have given, and are undoubtedly cheaper if less profuse with light and air; whether they have adequately taken account of the long, dark northern winters remains to be seen.

Russia is getting no long term loans for her industrial expansion, as all countries have hitherto, which makes all the more spectacular her ability, at the close of the budget year, to increase the funds assigned to capital of large scale industries, from 800 million dollars last year to 1700 million dollars for the coming year, which is incidentally, some half billion more than was originally planned.

A speed like this is breath-taking, and produces an undoubted strain on the country. A man high in responsible work said to me yesterday:

> We are like a man on skis coming down a steep slope. Our acceleration is terrific, and grows constantly greater. We cannot possibly stop; nor even control our speed and distance; all we can do is to try to guide our jumps and land properly.

He looked pale and exhausted as he said it; but still fiery and energetic.

The usual communist propagandist attributes Russia's speed in industrialization to her state-planning and the devotion of her workers, and these no doubt are important factors. But a deeper analysis was given me by a man who organizes the supply of one of Russia's raw materials. He said:

> Each new country that industrializes must go at a faster pace than any previous country: both because it enjoys the cumulative inventions of the world, and because it must over-

take other lands or be ruined. Consider how long England's industrial revolution took; how much shorter America's; and even shorter Germany's.

We ourselves are breaking world records in our speed, but Italy also, whose period of industrialization synchronizes with our own, is astonishing the world. Turkey is coming next, perhaps at an even faster rate. When China starts she will go faster than any nation before. This terrific acceleration of change shakes the entire fabric of civilization; it demands able and dictatorial leaders. No nation industrializing from now on will be able to permit itself the comfortably inefficient freedom of democracy, which accompanied the industrial changes in England and America. We have dictatorship; so has Italy. A decade hence when our industrial change has been achieved, we may be able to allow ourselves to talk, to philosophize, to throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery, in your pleasant American fashion. I live in hopes of that day. But neither we, nor any other nation from now on, can make the swifter industrial changes now demanded, unless we go forward under the discipline of an army.

In a statement given out at the Twelfth Anniversary of the Revolution, Stalin mentioned three fields in which a "break-over" has occurred, during the past year. The productivity of labor, the growth of capital expenditure in large scale industry, and the collectivization of farming. Under "Productivity of labor," three major movements, each in itself almost a revolution, started during a single year. These were the "self-criticism," the "socialist contests" and the "unbroken week."

Under the slogan of "self-criticism," a flame of muck-raking such as America never knew even in her palmiest days, has swept across the land into every government department and every industrial establishment. Sensitive persons, even those doing their duty, tremble when they hear of it, for it is pitiless. A manager may be denounced in public meeting because his wife used the firm automobile to go to the railway station or because on some occasion, three years ago, suddenly summoned to a meeting, he thoughtlessly ordered an employee to stay over hours in his house and mind the baby. Some of the criticism has been trivial and cruel, but the net result has undoubtedly been a quickening of tempo, a clearing out of grafters and even of idlers; if some sensitive, but doubtful ones have suffered, they must learn that Russia has no place for sensitive souls today but only for hardboiled ones.

The "socialist contests" have swept the land, labor gangs contesting with gangs, departments with departments, factories with factories. A new stage has now been reached in which "treaties of socialist rivalry" are signed between whole regions. The textile workers of Ivanovo, producing 40% of Russian textile, signed such a "treaty" with the cotton-growers of Fergana, the chief procuring region of Central Asia. Each promises the other to increase production and cut costs; the textile workers take up collections to send tractors and skilled workers brigades to help the cottongrowers. Each side has committees which check up on the other's performances. So wide has the movement grown that I saw a critical placard in a November parade: "The building workers on the A—— Hotel had no socialist rivalry between the gangs. Observe how absenteeism doubled during the summer." With such intimate criticism, other building workers challenge their fellows!

The "unbroken week" has attracted more attention abroad than either of the movements mentioned above. By no means universal as yet, it is sufficiently widespread to prove very confusing. Some persons in Moscow still have Sundays off; others have every fifth day. The immediate effect is to increase the strain on all managing personnel, who find their free days taken up with inter-departmental meetings which they cannot avoid. Industrial production in many factories has been increased from 10 to even 20% by the new system, but without exception all Russia's most responsible leaders, already driven to death, are being still further driven. Since it is on their clearness of thought that the whole industrialization depends, there is real danger here lest all gains in production should be out-weighed by one badly planned policy taken by exhausted brains. All hope that with time the "unbroken week" may be worked out to spare these men.

The "break-over" in capital expenditures for industry, mentioned by Stalin as his second point, is characterized not only by the tremendous increase in capital outlay, $1,700,000,000 for the coming year in place of $800,000,000 last year, running far beyond all previous expectations: It is further characterized by a change of emphasis in the investment. Russia is now to become a land of "iron and steel." These more difficult industries which demand longer-term investment than the lighter industries producing for popular consumption, have hitherto lagged; but now they are to receive a disproportionate amount of the nation's outlay, increasing their output 46% in a single year.

The "break-over" in farming to the collective system is the third point claimed by Stalin. While the state owned farm grew only 30% in acreage, (a mere bagatelle in Russian speed), the collective farms operated by peasants and aided by state tractors and experts, more than tripled in a single twelvemonth. These two agencies, the so-called "cellective sector" of farming, are this year supplying over 75 million bushels to the Russian cities, as against 30 million last year. Next year it is intended to again triple the acreage under collective farms, and if any doubters ask how this can be assured, it is known that such a demand exists today for the state-controlled tractors that the increase of collective farming is now limited only by the state's ability to supply credits and machinery.

A few days ago the popular principal of a technical high school in Moscow, bending over his desk to finish the writing of some reports, suddenly fell forward over the documents, his face striking the pen from his hand. An assistant, hurrying to help him, found him dead.

Never, at least in recent years, had he known a day's illness. He had been to no doctor. Two days previous to his death, a friend who noticed that he seemed very tired, asked him why he had not yet taken his vacation; he replied that he had tried to find time but couldn't get away. He died at his post of work at the age of forty-six from sheer exhaustion; for several days thereafter, colleagues were still arriving from outside the city to do business with him, and were utterly shocked to find him dead.

For several days the technical high-school was a scene of hysterical mourning. The principal's first assistant fainted from excess of feeling twice during the brief services at the crematorium. The man had been intensely popular; perhaps he himself had never had time to realize how popular. He had evidently given himself to his work so completely, with both intellect and feeling, that he was dead before he admitted himself exhausted.

Deaths like this are becoming all too common in Russia. In the same Moscow Department of Educa-

tion was a woman of sixty-two years, in charge of the Forest Schools for anemic children. Rosy cheeked as a girl, bounding up four flights of stairs as easily as one, she was, it appeared later, living on nerve alone.

One evening she attended a budget meeting 'till after midnight. This was a commonplace thing, as it is today, with all responsible workers in Russia. The only difference anyone noticed was that afterwards, recalling it, she had grown unusually excited in her fight for enough money for her beloved Forest Schools. It had been a strenuous fight, for other departments craved money also. No one, however, would have remembered it, had not the woman died next morning.

She rose at eight, at the call of a colleague who came for work. When partly dressed, she complained of feeling dizzy and sank into a chair. The colleague crossed the room, urging her to go to bed for the day, and found her already dead. She also had died in harness, but her death attracted less attention than that of the principal, because she was already sixty-two years old—an age to which few hard-worked present day Russians expect to survive.

These two cases I know within the past few weeks in my own limited circle of contacts,—Moscow education. How frequent such cases are it is impossible to tell, for private life is not considered news in Russia, and the details of deaths never get into the papers, except of very prominent persons and then most briefly. A few years back, the case of Djerzinsky was known to the world; he died so suddenly in the height of his work that Russian emigres abroad asserted he had been poisoned, which brought a wry smile of disgust to everyone in Russia.

This man, who had organized the dreaded and very efficient secret police of Russia during the civil war, and had then been made head of all state industry, because his ruthless force was needed to start it, from a dead standstill, was ordered to take a vacation. Instead of resting, he utilized this free time to visit the coal mines and steel mills. Filled with anger at the utter inefficiency of conditions he saw there, and armed with much practical information, he returned to Moscow, prepared reports and delivered two whitehot speeches, epoch-making, on which for three years after the policy of Russian industry was to be based.

At the end of his second speech he staggered a little and complained of feeling badly. He was given a stimulant and taken home, where his wife pressed food and rest upon him, since he had nothing but tea all day and it was now evening. He protested that he only wanted some more tea, and must then work; he was working too hard, he said, to feel like eating. While sitting thus at table with his glass of tea, he rose, remarked: "I feel badly; I will after all lie down." He fell on the couch and was dead at that moment.

It is known that many similar cases occur, of men less prominent and therefore unannounced. The strain of years of underground revolutionary work, followed by years of upheaval and civil war and now by the strain of very swift reconstruction with inadequate means, is breaking down the men who have been through it all. The chief Kremlin's physician said not long ago: "At the fifteenth anniversary there will be few of the Old Guard left." His words are already true; already the ranks of the revolution-makers are thinned.

They do not know how to take care of themselves. Accustomed to working in war situations when no man counted his life, much less his health, they cannot help carrying over this psychology into times of peace. I once rode seven hours through the Crimea in the private auto of a high official, going to Sevastopol to make a speech. He was supposed to be resting in a sanatorium at doctor's orders, but the call from a big factory in Sevastopol seemed to him too important to disregard. He rose at 4:30, rode 'till afternoon through the chill of Crimean dawns followed by the blazing dry heat of Crimean days, then spent three hours being shown about Sevastopol by his hosts. Long before this I gave out, and hunted a hotel room. But this man, older far and in poorer health than I, kept going 'till at 4:00 p. m. he mounted a tribune in the blazing heat and spoke for two and a half hours facing the setting sun to an audience of 5,000 workers. Then, impatiently brushing aside all protests, he jumped into his auto and went back a seven hours ride, through high passes in the deadly cold of Crimean midnight to reach his sanatorium in the small hours. He was ill for weeks afterward. Yet in all matters save his own health this man was a responsible worker.

The ruling authorities in Russia regard the saving of such men's lives as a special problem: There is a Medical Commission which has charge over the actions of all important communists in matters of health. A net-work of sanatoria is at their disposal, and when these important men are ordered to go, it may be even made a matter of party discipline. Thus Krupskaia, widow of Lenin, who personally revels in contact with masses of workers and peasants, is much of the time absolutely bossed by the Medical Commission and kept from such excitements in the hope of saving her life and energies a little while longer.

While to a man's friends and co-workers such a sudden death comes as a shock, most of them, questioned regarding their own fate, assert that it is the way they wish to die.

Who wants to lie ill, a burden to one's friends and a pain to oneself. To work till the last minute and go out under stress of a hard job done, it's a good death.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

My Life

Somehow, I hold my life to be
  Within the compass of this hour;
I long to see its destiny;
  I watch in thought its blooming flow'r.

I think it moves 'mongst great-souled lives,
  The lives of those remembered long
For thoughts profound and deeds: it strives
  To live to live fore'er in song!

Within me ring the cries of men;
  Of men unskilled in ways of speech
To tell the moods that surge again
  As life now floods, now ebbs in each.

My life shall be their common cry
  For light and hope and joy midst wrongs
Of ignorance in low and high.
  I walk with all these groping throngs.

I care not what this life may hold
  Beyond the flesh that feeds my soul!
I am a child of time grown old;
  Of time still young as ages roll.

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

Contrasts

[From Our Special Correspondent]

Evening in Moscow. A cold drizzle fills the broken pavements with puddles. The passersby used to the misery and discomfort of dark streets and ill-repaired sidewalks do not grumble when they step in water over the tops of their galoshes. No, not even if they are bound for the opera. Everyone else will have muddy feet—and anyhow what have muddy feet got to do with opera?

The opera house stands out in a pool of pale light cast by the flickering gas lamps in classic white splendor. Hard to imagine anything classic in Moscow. Not so long ago motor cars and droskeys by the dozen drove up smartly before these beautiful wide steps and their elegant occupants were part of the evening's entertainment. Tonight there isn't a droskey or a taxicab in sight. Only a bulging and jangly tram discharges passengers. But people are pouring up the steps—people in shoddy coats and sweaters, many women with smudgy handkerchiefs on their heads. Not a sign of an evening cape, of black and white evening clothes or military uniforms. In the garderobe they check their galoshes and wraps and file into the theater. An impressive theater, still beautiful, still luxurious with its red plush seats and magnificent velvet curtain. In the center of the balcony is the Czar's box—sumptuous in its royal red upholstery and gilt chairs. A row of frowsy heads peer over its edge, unshaven men in grubby blouses, women with ugly work sweaters and a youngster or two with close cropped heads. An audience for a strikers' mass-meeting in a small mill town.

But the music has begun, the house goes dark, the curtain is drawn, the opera begins. It is "Eugene Onegin." No, it is ghosts. Ghosts of those who used to sit in that royal box. They have stolen back to play once more in the Moscow they loved and treated so badly. Here they are, those innocent young maidens of the seventies in their virginal white hooped skirts and simpering smiles having their painfully sentimental love affairs with gallant and unfaithful young bloods in redingotes. Gayly attired peasants waiting dutifully upon their masters. A boudoir scene—with the heroine reclining in high necked night clothes in a heavily canopied bed—the faithful nurse in attendance. A duel—the hero says his prayers and kisses an ikon before the encounter commences. (A distinct murmur of hissing comes from the upper balcony.) Then a court ball scene—ghosts arrayed in one last orgy of gayety—the banquet table laden with rich wines and food, glittering glass and china—guests slightly tipsy with too many toasts—music—a last dance to death.

Between acts the audience goes to exercise itself in the bemirrored promenade hall. A table of communist literature and postal cards of soviet commissars stands near the entrance. (Shades of a socialist convention.) Inside the hall the tawdry sweaters and workblouses crowned by mops of untidy hair march up and down and around. The tap of dainty slippers on the polished floor, swish of silks and satins, merry laughter echo from the past. The sweaters and blouses converse solemnly or march in silence. Life is serious these days.

Finally comes the last act. The still beautiful heroine with noble effort and self sacrifice remains faithful to her rich old husband whom she doesn't love and though the romance of her youth tempts her sorely to elope with him she rejects him, unctuously virtuous. Faithfulness is out of date in Moscow and rich husbands don't exist. But the audience claps, claps long and loud. Inscrutable Russian audience. Frowsy heads looking over the edge of the gilt box. Clapping for ghosts.

It is November 7. All night in the *Palace de la Revolution* a radio has been raucously playing two Communist marching songs, one after the other. These were broken into by a loud speaker counting up to one hundred in Russian. A powerful searchlight played on the neighboring hotel windows so that the guests thought the sun had risen at last.

By seven-thirty when dawn is just breaking the streets are filled with red soldiers in their long khaki overcoats. At nine the marching commences. It comes from three directions sometimes eight abreast, a constant stream going through the white Chinese gate and the Kremlin gate into the Red Square. A million shabby, underfed people, men and women, boys and girls, sometimes singing, sometimes just humping themselves along dully. Not much of a show. No prancing horses, no smart bands, no gay uniforms and flags. Only a lot of crude red bunting flags and banners. But a million people—a million humble working people marching—marching from nine o'clock until four in the thin run-down shoes over rough cobbles past Lenin's tomb.—Hurray for the Revolution, down with religion and the kulak, away with Saturday and Sunday—hurray! hurray!

At night a former merchant's villa now owned by the government. Bolshevik hospitality to the foreigners within their gates. Two attendants in irreproachable black with white gloves taking wraps. Ladies shedding ermine and velvet capes, men correct black overcoats.

A glittering ballroom, great chandeliers sparkling light, ladies in trailing gowns, the latest Paris creations, fresh, charming, elegant. Smart coiffures, dazzling jewels. Embassy military attaches in the dress uniforms of their various fatherlands, German, Italian, French, Japanese. Did they look or did I simply imagine it—supercilious.

Music, a charming and beautiful ballet dancer from Leningrad, a second Pavlowa, and then supper. Unconcealed interest in this phase of the entertainment. Two immense tables spread with every delicacy one can imagine. Delicacies! And in a few hours the long dreary bread lines and meat lines would commence outside again. Even the upper crust are hungry these days and attack the chicken salads, and the fish, game and meat pies, the tarts and fruit with greedy relish. L., a former commissar, samples the port wine. A connoisseur he in wines and women. His vivacious actress wife in a startling creation stands laughingly by, beautiful and vain. The new religion has apparently passed her by. General B., a fierce looking Georgian with whiskers coming out from all directions, a typical Bolshevik from the point of view of most American newspaper readers. He too is a connoisseur in women. His latest wife, a pretty young thing, must have made

the General draw his meagre communist salary some months in advance to pay for the gown she wears.

Then the orchestra begins. Dancing—fox trots, one steps, all the latest variations. Wine, women, jazz —a whirl of white shoulders, clinking swords, rainbow colors. Outside a million tramping in thin, worn shoes and shoddy clothes. Hurray for the Revolution.

DOROTHY WALTON.

A Dissenter Looks at the Proposed New Political Party

There seems to be a national cleavage in reform movements between adherents who incline to political action and others who think that the compromises that are a necessary part of politics blur the ideal and retard the quickening of public opinion. The first group is content with small and indirect advances and lays stress on the wisdom of proceeding step by step; like Lord Passfield, it accepts "the inevitability of gradualness." The second group (to which this writer belongs), is convinced that the motive power behind reform measures is the awakened conscience of the public, and in making its appeal it would use the full force of logic and would refuse to be content with anything short of justice.

As the step-by-steppers and the Utopians find it hard to agree, perhaps the spirit of tolerance is best served by separate organizations for the politically minded and the sticklers for pure propaganda. It would be a pity, however, if discussion between the friendly adversaries were to cease, for controversy is the means of enlightenment. But it is rather as a friend of consistency than as a critic of political action that I should like to comment briefly on Mr. Howard Y. Williams' proposal for a new political party, presented in UNITY under the caption: "Wanted: A New Alignment in American Politics."

The spokesman for the party designed to oppose and overthrow the corrupt old parties begins with a proposal to substitute "an increasing degree of social control over economic life" for *"laissez-faire,"* his specific requirements including government ownership of public utilities; high progressive taxes on incomes, inheritances and the increase in land values; insurance against accidents, sickness, old age and unemployment; fewer government favors for manufacturers and more for farmers.

As it is hoped to bring together on a common platform the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties, disfranchised Negroes and foreign-born citizens, as well as Liberals of all shades it is perhaps not to be wondered at that the proposals are haphazard and contradictory in theory. But if opposition to the Republican and Democratic political machines is to be effective it should confront the policy of favoritism with the principle of even-handed justice. Presumably it is not the purpose of the advocates of a third party to help the under dog to become top dog (*à la Russe*), but to give every dog an equal chance.

In the last analysis there are two alternatives, either obedience to authority or the assertion of individual liberty; the choice between government by experts and self-government. Mr. Williams' program, like that of the present parties, leans to authority. It calls for a strong centralized government, inquisitorial interference with private affairs and strict regulation of the rank and file. It therefore provides a weak opposition, for it cannot appeal to a higher ideal than that which guides its opponents. It merely plans to use the largesse of government for other classes than those now enjoying it.

It will no doubt be argued that in a complex, machine civilization individual rights must be subordinated more and more to the general welfare; but the lover of freedom may answer that, no matter what the complexity, the test of a just law is its impartiality. The traffic regulations restrain individual freedom for the equal benefit of all concerned and thus meet the test. A conscription act, on the other hand, sacrifices an arbitrarily chosen group of persons for the supposed benefit of a misty abstraction called the State and so fails to square with equal freedom.

The appeal is not to what Prof. William Ernest Hocking calls "impulsive popular dogmatism, such as the idle securities and finalities of abstract truth," but to the lessons taught by "the inductive method, hypothesis and verification." If we abandon the idea of a justice-loving Deity and natural rights, we must still find some moral justification for political action. As a result of experience men are fairly well agreed that impartial justice is desirable. The revolt against the Republican and Democratic parties is born of an outraged sense of fair play. A new opposition party ought to be able to promise a repeal of monopolies and privileges and the enactment of laws assuring a fair field and no favor.

Returning to the program sketched by Mr. Williams, a moment's reflection will show that income and inheritance taxes, industrial insurance, old age pensions, subsidies for farmers and similar measures cannot be regarded as impartial. They may be inspired by a sort of vicarious generosity, but they do not conform to the ideal of justice any more than the romantic but questionable methods of Robin Hood to which they are akin. Is it possible to suppose that social equilibrium can be maintained by taking from the rich and giving to the poor? Can contentment and stability be associated with perpetual poverty and regulated servitude? The laws passed in the interest of the working classes, from the first factory acts to the present day, represent an attempt to make poverty bearable. Although it is customary to speak of *laissez-faire* as having been tried and found wanting, it still remains to apply the remedy advocated by a long line of economists culminating in Henry George, viz: the removal of legal restraints that keep the disinherited from the land and prevent the natural flow of trade.

Tariff reduction and the taxation of unearned increment (or the increase in land values) are steps toward the removal of barriers, though both proposals lose force by being stated so timidly. The total repeal of tariff taxes would be worth talking about, and the substitution of rent for the remaining taxes would be a still greater stride towards universal emancipation. I need not recapitulate the arguments of Henry George. Prof. John Dewey and the editor of UNITY, distinguished colleagues of Mr. Williams in the new party movement, have frequently acknowledged the force of the truths demonstrated in "Progress and Poverty," without however seeming to perceive a contradiction

between the doctrine of equal rights and the doctrine of State supremacy.

It may be that the goal of equal opportunity can be reached by another path than that surveyed by Henry George. W. E. Brokaw, editor of the *Equitist*, offers an alternative that ought to receive careful consideration as it is inspired by the same respect for impartial justice. A new party guided by opportunism and detached from the secular struggle for liberty can hardly hope to create a new alignment in American politics.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

Boston, Mass.

The Parable of the Tool Shed*

There was once a certain man who dreamed of a great building—a kind of family school—to which men of every race and clime, of every color, nationality and creed would come; where in the spirit of comradeship they might learn the fine art of how to live together. After many years in which he cherished this dream and labored unceasingly for its realization, he at length let the contract for the erection of his dream-building. Instead of giving out a general contract to one contractor to be in turn sub-let to the various builders, he reserved this right for himself; sub-letting the many different kinds of work, such as decorating, plumbing, wiring and painting to those whom he knew were best qualified for the task.

At length the day came when the immense site was staked off; great care being taken that the foundation stones would rest upon solid rock. When the staking of the lot was finished, there began to arrive simultaneously the many mechanics who were to labor on the construction of the building. Among them were the excavators, masons, iron workers, concrete mixers, carpenters, plumbers, steamfitters, electricians, lathers, plasterers, painters, decorators, sculptors and finishers of every kind. Each brought with him his many tools neatly packed, polished and duly sharpened. To the casual observer it seemed as though this earnest activity indicated a speedy completion of the building. For everyone was exceedingly busy doing something.

After a few days of such ceaseless activity each group of mechanics had succeeded in completing its tool shed in which they would keep their tools, materials and blue prints. To this tool shed they were to go for instructions from the foreman; and also at the end of the week to receive their pay. And so the erection of temporary tool sheds was the first evidence that the men had come to erect the great dream-building.

The site was now duly staked off, and all over it were scattered the many tool sheds of this vast army of skilled builders. Here and there one could observe the various craftsmen tearing down the tool shed they had erected a little while before, and in its place building a more elaborate one. After a while these newly erected tool sheds were torn down again, and replaced by still more elaborate and ornate ones. Thus many years were spent in wrecking and rebuilding tool sheds.

Then one day a quarrel arose among the various craftsmen; one group contending that it was of more value in the construction of this building than another. Back and forth they fought until at length a bitter feud ensued between them—the masons and carpenters—with the subsequent death of many masons. Now that the carpenters were victorious, thus establishing their superior worth over the masons, a new dissension broke out among them. This time it was not an antagonism with other craftsmen, but a bitterness which each carpenter had toward his fellow carpenter. They then argued back and forth among themselves in this wise: "If you are going to be a true carpenter you must drive nails with your right hand, not your left." Those who so insisted were again victorious, and then they in turn demanded that no one could be a true carpenter unless he grasped the hammer handle with thumb meeting the fingers. Again this faction was victorious, and again they insisted that to be a true carpenter one must use a 14-ounce hammer. Anything lighter or heavier would indicate that one was not the truest carpenter. On and on the quarrel went, until every craft was little more than a mutinied army.

By this time all the crafts were riven with strife and bitter dissension. Those that were not tearing down and rebuilding their tool sheds were quarreling with each other about the proper use of the trowel, brush, chisel, shovel and ax. Sullen distrust filled the heart of every craftsman. Over the tool shed of the iron workers was a sign bearing this inscription: "The Iron Workers are the Most Important Workers on This Job." The sign over the door of the stone masons bore this inscription: "Unless You Are a Stone Mason You Ought to Be Ashamed of Yourself." While over the tool shed of the painters this inscription blazed forth: "Only Painters Have a Right to Live —Non Painters Are Mere Dogs and Ought to Be Killed." Thus did each craft extol its self-importance.

At length, after two thousand long, weary years of waiting, the man who had let the contract with these various craftsmen for the erection of his dream-building returned with hopeful expectations of beginning the first term where men of every race and color, nationality and social station, creed and opinion would be taught the simple art of living with one another. And then to his heart-crushing surprise, what did he find? Nothing but tool sheds cluttering up the whole beautiful site he had selected for his dream-building. The building material had been used, not for the great building, but for the erection of tool sheds. But saddest of all was the bitterness, bigotry, hatred and self-adulation between the various crafts, and of themselves. None would work with the other, save in an emergency of putting out a fire when it threatened the others' tool shed.

The return of the Promotor has had little effect upon the various crafts. Still they go on building more tool sheds, cluttering up the beautiful site with material intended to be used in the erection of the dream-building. In these tool sheds they retreat to study the blue prints of the proposed wonderful building—which, alas may never be built.

O Lord, how long, how long! before men will build the Kingdom of God, and cease puttering with tool sheds?

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW.

*An interpretation of the recent League for Christian Unity in New York, with Bishop Manning playing the role of "the very truest carpenter."

Trumpets on New Horizons

Brotherhood

My brothers, lend your minds to the unity
Of wild geese beating up a dusky sky;
Their potent wings in marvelous symmetry
Cleaving the air as one, must signify
To you the force that lies in brotherhood;
They are assurance that the hearts which beat
As one with zeal for universal good
Shall never know the aloes of defeat.

What matter that the sky is vague and wide?
United force bears on the compact wedge.
What matter which gray breast shall be the guide?
Each is a part and shares the privilege;

Wild hearts in search of freedom, raise your eyes,
And find your answer written on the skies.

MARION DOYLE.

Seed of Storm

They tell me, God, that you were sired by fears,
That you are but the spawn of sun and moon,
Sprung from the awful loins of the typhoon,
Thunder and wind in jungle of the years.
They tell me you are brew of childish tears,
Squeezed from the terrors of the man-baboon
Risen by stages from the warm lagoon—
Only a fetish of the cooling spheres.

Then, God, draw nearer to attend my need
In this more suave but quite as savage day.
The tear and typhoon must remain decreed
The heritage of our bewildered clay.
Pierce blinding clods of darkness, Vital Seed
Of Human Storm, grow near me: I would pray.

EDITH MIRICK

Rebellious Woman

You say the lights of town
Below the hill
Are radiant blossoms
In the garden of the night—
More beautiful than any earthly flower,
Because their bright corolla hide
Men's love-created homes.
But you could always picture dreams . . .
To me, they are like fabled plants
Of tropic forests
Whose brilliant poison flowers
Lie in wait for unsuspecting victims:
For city lights illuminate
The prisons
Tyrant men will ever make for women,
Where we must cook and scrub,
And bear their children
Till mind and loveliness have fled.
And all to feed
A flaunting vanity.

JESSIE MILLER ROBINSON

Graveyard

The city
Has many
Tombstones
Erected over dead ideals.

ALLEN DUCKWORTH

The Study Table

General Grant and Modern Warfare

This remarkable book* by Colonel J. E. C. Fuller of the British army, recently published both in England and this country, emphasizes points of high moment for the plain people as well as for military men. The central point is that wars now are not won through technical training so much as by native ability and common sense. The English officer's book witnesses to the sudden amazement in European military circles in finding that the real military lessons of the World War had been taught by our American Civil War. That war, fought largely in disregard of European military science, "had revolutionized all warfare on European battlefields." The leading exponents of the Prussian military system, notes Captain Thomas G. Frothingham, of Boston, in his comments on the book, admitted "after the German defeat that the 'American Civil War might have furnished us many a hint which was left disregarded;'" and Colonel Fuller himself pronounces it "an epoch-making war in military history." The book is a conspicuous contribution to the mounting conviction that General Grant was one of the greatest military geniuses of all time.

The distinction of Grant's generalship was in its bold freedom from the rules and regulations of traditional tactics and its dealing with each crisis according to the best practical wisdom of the hour. Colonel Fuller had been deeply impressed by Grant's steady and rapid advance from his humble position at the beginning of the war to the supreme command of the army; but Captain Frothingham says, "The wonderful piece of good fortune in reality was the fact that Grant was not in the army, but free to rise to deserved prominence as a trained soldier fit to command his fellow citizens. The same was true of Sherman; and it was a boon to the cause of the Union that these two were in civilian life instead of being lost among the officers of the army."

This frank declaration by a learned and able American military critic, concerning the generalship in our Civil War, confirming the view of the British officer, is matched by the memorable pronouncement by Jean de Bloch in his great work on "The Future of War," published just before the first Hague conference, on the utterly changed conditions of war altogether which came in with the American Civil War. The American Civil War, he never tired of telling the people of Europe, settled it that the alleged superiority of disciplined armies over volunteer troops amounts to nothing; that the ordinary military training is often a positive disadvantage in preparing for modern warfare. War is no longer the crash of solid phalanxes with solid phalanxes in the showy, heroic combat upon battlefields. Soldiers cannot be compacted, but must be spread apart, and each must rely upon himself as never before; and the civilian soldier, the simple volunteer, is as good as the regular, and often better. The simple power of initiative and self-reliance in our soldiers of the Civil War, not deadened by long and mechanical garrison drill, was a distinct asset. What was true of their best leaders was true of themselves. It is to be hoped that the new agreements among the nations, renouncing war and pledging the settlement of all disputes by peaceful means, will rapidly hasten the

*"The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant," by J. E. C. Fuller. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.

passing of all armies and navies and the need of soldiers and generals in any field; but these remarkable conclusions are still significant. The whole discussion is of immense moment; for if it is true, it makes the whole effort to maintain great armaments a vain thing. Sir Robert Peel said with discernment that, instead of wasting the resources of a country in maintaining great armies and navies, the sensible nation in the future will rely on its own latent energies, perfectly sure that if it has inherent energy it can always improvise powers necessary for any defense at very short notice. Bloch has shown that thing to the modern world,—that from the scientific point of view armies and navies are not a source of strength to any nation, but rather a source of weakness.

Most people forget, in their thought of Bloch's great work on the economic aspects of war, that he was one of the most critical students of military affairs in his time. As the greatest banker of Warsaw, and in high place in the direction of the Russian railway system, he had reason to see where the European military system with its monstrous expenditures was leading; and his representations had much to do in prompting the Russian government to call the first Hague conference. He anticipated in high degree the conclusions of Norman Angell in his "Great Illusion," published just before the World War, that in the new conditions of our interdependent world war has now become futile for every nation, with victor and vanquished suffering alike. Never were prophecies so inexorably and quickly fulfilled as theirs by the events of the World War.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Once a Priest, Always a Priest

Carved into the wall of a chapel in a divinity school are these words: *"Tu es sacerdos in alternum"* —Thou art a priest forever. What is their meaning in the life of a young man who goes out into the world to exercise the function of a priest in the church? This is the question that Dr. Oliver, a psychiatrist teaching at the University of Maryland and at Johns Hopkins, seeks to answer in "Victim and Victor."* Here we have a fascinatingly written case study of an unfrocked clergyman struggling to win his way back from the outer darkness into which he has been thrust by an unfeeling hierarchy.

It is a little difficult to decide whether there is any factual basis for what has been carefully disguised as fiction. We must remember that Dr. Oliver is an Episcopal clergyman in addition to being a psychiatrist. There is too much in the book that speaks of knowledge of the Church as it is seen from the inside to make one feel that it is entirely a creature of the imagination. It purports to be a manuscript left by a doctor, into which is incorporated leaves from the diary of Michael Mann, once a priest in a southern diocese. The narrative and the diary are joined together by an artist at literary construction.

It is a story of a High Church parson, who, for some undisclosed misdemeanor, is deposed from the ministry. He reaches the depths of degradation in prison. His first step toward rehabilitating himself is taken when he secures work as a court clerk and teacher of English to foreigners. Something happens mentally, and Mann and his doctor friend meet for the first time in the psychiatric ward of a hospital where Mann is struggling to recall the words of the Mass. Suffering has developed a curious insight into the human soul. We find him helping his physician save the life of a demented youngster bent on suicide. With a little help from the doctor, Mann establishes a curious mission near the hospital. There he consorts with publicans and sinners—highwaymen, an adulteress, a confidence man, a bank clerk who finds the world too much with him. And to these people Mann has become a symbol of redemption from the crushing world. Father Mike, as the neighborhood calls him, is the refuge of the misfits. As a matter of fact, he calls his place "The Refuge."

Meanwhile, Mann's friends are endeavoring to have him restored to his position in the ministry. He has an interview with his bishop, who seems cold and unfeeling, and yet is not unwilling to have Father Mike discover that even a bishop can have his human moments. The bishop is reminded that Jesus consorted with publicans and sinners; to which he could only reply sadly that that was long ago. But restoration is a long way off. A spiteful fop, who wears a clerical collar, appears as the evil genius to prevent Mann's rehabilitation as a priest, and so The Refuge is still served by Mann as a licensed lay leader. It attracts all sorts of clerical outcasts, to whom hospitality is offered. The author observes, sadly enough, that if Mann were Archbishop of Canterbury and the despised and rejected clerics were heads of their churches, Christian unity would be very near. So Mann goes on working and teaching and doing good until he receives his death sentence from the doctors. Then comes the time when his physician friend pulls wires skillfully so that Mann becomes once more a priest to say that which was at once his last mass and his *Nunc Dimittis.* Almost literally he expires on the altar of The Refuge. At last he has won back.

Nothing so moving has been written of the life of an ecclesiastic since "The Inside of the Cup." It is a simple, straightforward story—the exhibition of how completely the ordination service has taken this man and once for all set him apart. True, he was useful as a court clerk, as a night school teacher, as a somewhat unscientific but thoroughly understanding social worker; but all of these were passing phases. To this priest there was only one life—the life of a priest. To him there was only one real thing—the Church and those who served it. Buffet him as it will, be as cruel to him through its servants as it could be—for Michael Mann there was only one love and one life, one Holy Mother.

For those who like psychological studies, there is a wealth of material to be found in "Victim and Victor." To the men and women in the Church it has a note of challenge and a certain confirmation of their feeling, that no matter what happens to the individual the Church is the one solid thing in a changing universe. For those without the church there is food for thought. Whether "Victim and Victor" is a great book, it is hard to say. There are passages in it which possess great beauty. One thing is certain: it is difficult to read it and not come away profoundly moved.

ALFRED ARTYN GROSS.

*Victim and Victor,. By John Rathbone Oliver. New York. The Macmillan Company, 1929.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

TWENTY MAXIMS FOR MENTAL HEALTH

1—*First of all* realize your own utter unimportance in this overwhelming universe. Thousands are suffering just as much as you. See them all around you, many are worse off than you. How silly those people were who worried and feared one thousand years ago. Wouldn't they have been much better if they had lived life joyously and fully?

2—*Face the reality of facts and truth.* Don't defend yourself against reality or attempt to escape from it. Eventually you will have to face it, so face it courageously right now. Face it while you are strong and well-poised. Don't wait until you are weak and disorganized.

3—*Tackle one of your problems at a time.* Write down your problems briefly. Analyze them into causes and effects and possible cures, then start one of the cures definitely, decidedly and determinedly. Take one problem and one solution at a time.

4—*Analyze your own feelings and actions,* and the feelings and actions of others down to the real cause. Actions are only effects. Seek for the real cause. Continually ask yourself, "why?" Why do I feel this way? Why did I do that? Then ask yourself, now why did they do that? Hold yourself aloof and try to discover the fundamental causes. Watch how others react to your actions, and how you react to theirs, and then ask yourself, why did they do that? Why did I say that?

5—*Do not hesitate in making decisions.* Make them clean cut, sharp and definite. Do not expect that your decision will always be right or will always suit others. No matter what you decide to do there will be times when you wish you had decided the other way. Be ever ready to modify your decision when new points of view are presented.

6—*Don't worry about over-working.* Over-work never killed anyone, while over-worry has killed its thousands upon thousands. Worry is always based on fear. Fear makes it difficult for you to make decisions. This causes illogical thinking and continued brooding over one problem, until all proper proportions, perspectives and values are lost, and then you are afraid to do anything. So do not worry too long over the same things until they shut out the rest of the world.

7—*Look upon your normal emotions* and desires as a gift from God; they are an important part of God's plan for us. Do not repress them, or refuse to recognize them, or to fight them.

8—*Guide your emotions and desires.* So far as possible in this world of ours, realize them properly, adequately and fully in life.

9—*Remember that God is Love and Love is God.* God is nothing but love. God does not hate us, He loves us. Love and trust Him. Get a God concept for yourself and then trust it. Keep clear the distinction between religion and theology, between the essentials and non-essentials of religion.

10—*Insist upon your God-given right to live your own life,* to develop yourself to the utmost in your own way. When you insist on this right, remember that you must accept the responsibility and consequences that follow. Then grant this same right to others. Do not try to live the lives of others for them, or allow others to live your life for you.

11—*Remember to change.* The most important thing about life is living. Living is continual change. The world is continually changing, and for the better. Don't be afraid to change and grow better with the world.

12—*Don't bother about the yesterdays.* Plan for the glorious tomorrows. Look forward and upward. Live your life daringly, freely and fully, and you will live it more happily.

13—*Do not expect the world to change just for you. It won't.* Your great job in life is to adapt yourself to the world as it is, making yourself a part of it, and then when that is done, do your tiny little bit in making it a better world for all.

14—*Above all* do not think too much about your *body and its functions.* Drugs, narcotics and stimulants are as nothing compared to plain living and right thinking for mental health. Get bodily freedom as well as mental freedom.

15—*Make yourself secure economically.* Have a reserve of money. If you haven't got it, get out and work for it and save it. Don't waste time wishing you had the money someone else has. You must feel economically secure if you expect to be healthy mentally.

16—*Do not become a hermit.* Develop your social life. If you are lonesome, remember that ninety percent of other people are lonesome too. Make friends, join clubs and organizations of all sorts. Belong to as many different groups as possible.

17—*Do not be afraid of love.* Do not be afraid to love. No one can be happy without love. Love people, love beauty, love all that is lovely and good. Give a certain portion of every day to love. It is just as necessary to good mental health as fresh air is to good physical health. Above all be lovable yourself.

18—*Help others but do not dominate them.* After you have started to develop yourself to the utmost, there is no greater source of good mental health than to begin to help others to develop themselves. This you must do carefully. Do not dominate them

Correspondence

Chinese Famine Relief

Editor of UNITY:

We have encountered steadfastly the impression that food does not reach the starving people of China. Our records show that the opposite is the case. There are in China and in this country men who are so bitterly opposed to sending relief to China that they will seize every possible opportunity to show why an effort to save human lives in that country is futile. So far not one of them has been able to put his finger on a single instance where there has been a miscarriage of food, a seizure by bandits, an interference by military chieftains or the failure on the part of the provincial and national authorities of China to render every possible aid and assistance to the famine workers.

I enclose a press clip sheet. At the bottom of the first column you will find a statement from the American Advisory Committee, which tells of how our money was allotted. The China International Famine Relief Commission which has committees throughout that country and which has the confidence of everybody reports that in the administration of over one million dollars, the total loss was under $400.00. This loss was only technical as it was the result of a raid by some starving men, women and children on a carload of grain.

The National Christian Council of Shanghai, which receives the funds we send is a responsible body. An American Advisory Committee named by that organization makes allotment of the funds. Because of the opposition to helping the Chinese, both the Christian Council and American Advisory Committee are meticulously careful to see that expenditures are made where relief is practicable and where there will be no interference. The knowledge of which I speak has been accessible to the organizations and individuals who so vigorously combat extension of aid to China, but these groups and individuals are more intent upon making their point good than on the humanitarian considerations which actuate China Famine Relief.

D. O. LIVELY.

National Director, China Famine Relief,
205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

[We print this letter in order to correct the mistaken impression, so widely abroad in this country, that relief cannot be carried to the starving millions of China, and that it is thus useless to give. Food has been carried, and is being carried, safely to hungry mouths. Give!—Editor.]

The Eddy Biography

Editor of UNITY:

The recent fair and fearless editorial concerning Mrs. Eddy, has through UNITY, resulted in several local sales of Mr. Dakin's invaluable achievement, in book form.

Close personal contact with Eddy methods, leads one to congratulate anew the Editor of UNITY and Mr. Dakin.

Jamestown, N. Y. S. G. HARRINGTON.

or they will fight back. Do not allow them to develop into leaners.

19—*Have courage.* If you find yourself in an intolerable situation get out of it all costs. If necessary, smash it. Break it, but do not submit to it. Do this tactfully if you can, but do it anyway.

20—*If none of these maxims seems possible* for you, console yourself with the thought that no matter what your trouble, you will never know the difference one hundred years from now. So cheer up and start right now to live fully, freely, and daringly.

DR. ARTHUR FRANK PAYNE,
Consulting Psychologist,
New York City.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH ON BIRTH CONTROL

Perhaps the first instance of a religious denomination voting in favor of birth control occurred in the general convention of the Universalist Church in Washington, D. C., late in October, 1929. This convention adopted the recommendations of the committee to Investigate Birth Control and its Bearings on Religion:

"This committee finds that birth control is one of the most practical means of race betterment, and hereby recommends:

1. That this convention urge the immediate repeal of such federal and state laws as interfere with the prescription of contraception by physicians and

2. That where legal barriers do not exist, socially minded persons be urged to establish in every center of population clinics where those needing it may receive contraceptive advice under medical supervision."

The entire report of the committee has since been published in the *Christian Leader*. From this report we may select a few representative passages. There is a general consensus among sociologists and economists that over-population in any country is a serious menace to world peace, and a basic cause leading up to war. Where birth control is understood, there is a voluntary reduction in the birth-rate. . . . With the knowledge available to all classes, population-pressure as a cause for war is automatically removed.

"While the care of the poor and unfortunate has always been accepted as a religious obligation, the emphasis today is on the removal of the causes of poverty and suffering. . . . Birth control enables parents to avoid having more children than they can support.

"Child welfare is especially within the province of the church.

"Housing congestion on the lower economic levels is recognized as creating conditions which produce the children who crowd our juvenile courts and matriculate into our criminal classes. Centers of youthful crime and of over-population are bound to coincide.

"Over twenty-five thousand women die of child-birth in the United States every year. . . . Most of these deaths are preventable, for they are due largely to physical conditions or general diseases existing before conception took place. Both maternal and infant mortality are reduced when women are able to postpone pregnancy until their health is such that they can stand the strain of child-bearing and give birth to healthy children. A knowledge of birth control saves mothers and children, prevents the creation of orphans, and preserves homes.

"Simple humanity affirms that every child has the right to be wanted and well-born; Christian ethics demands it. Parenthood should be undertaken voluntarily and intelligently, with due regard for the mother's health, the welfare of previous children, and the future best interest of all members of the family. This is today the practice of the most intelligent group in every civilized country.

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MARCH

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